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"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume Two | Richmond, California, Friday, August 10, 1934 | Number Twenty-Six

WINDREM WINS SUPPORT

OBSERVATIONS

By
Lee D. Windrem

—o—

It is but natural for the people to want to know why a man stands for county office. And it is but just they should ask that question and demand an answer.

* * *

Long experience has made us painfully aware of the fact that 99½% of those whom we got behind and boosted and yelled for and spent our money to elect in past years were simply seeking a better job than they had. And we are further advised that when a $900-a-year man got into a county office that paid $4000 or $5000 a year immediately discovered that he couldn't live on his salary. And the wires he pulled to increase his help in his office which would enable him to care for his large and hungry relationship at the public expense will be told by me in detail at a later time in this campaign.

* * *

Most of us who live here and who have had the courage to fight for better conditions and for the "forgotten man"—which includes all of us except those on the public payroll—and who have gotten behind candidates who claimed to represent the principles for which we stand have met with painful disappointments and disillusionments. We have with great grief and woe witnessed our champions being taken into camp by the enemy and seeing them join hands and dance around the Maypole, playing drop the handkerchief, postoffice, ring-around-a-rosy and other joyous and skillful games like our large, happy and carefree family.

* * *

Let it be understood that I am not opposed to any joyousness or happiness or gaiety if our ofncials inculge in it on their own time and at their own expense.

* * *

Having prefaced my ambition as a candidate for the office of District Attorney with these remarks, let me set forth briefly some of the things I hope to accomplish if elected.

* * *

First, to me, the most important thing is to destroy that ring in the court house which has become so powerful that it has the effrontery to deny the right of any citizen to aspire to county office in Contra Costa County.

* * *

My experience is not any different, so I am advised, than any of the other aspirants have had against the "Ins."

* * *

One of the Danites of the gang came to me as soon as I had taken out my petition and told me that I didnt't have a chance to be elected. I asked him if he thought they

(Continued on Editorial Page)

Frank P. Brady Favored For Supervisor in District No. 3

The fighting qualities of Frank P. Brady, so well demonstrated on the Martinez City Council, in the



FRANK P. BRADY

interest of the overburdened taxpayers of Contra Costa County, will stand Brady in good stead when he is elected to the office of

(Continued on Third Page.)

Enthusiastic Endorsement Given Our Candidate From Up County

WE TAKE OUR HAT OFF TO . . .

* * *

M. Oscar Lee, Painter and Orator—BECAUSE when Mr. Windrem was not able to appear for himself Tuesday night at the Veteran's Candidate's Beer Bust, Oscar stepped into the breach and told about how in years gone by he had roomed with a law student in New York City; and how that law student told Oscar of nationally famous cases which Mr. Windrem had tried and won. Oscar we thank you!

* * *

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK

* * *

WAS WHEN—The report was brought to us that "Mr. Windrem had supported HOOVER in 1932!!" Our sides shook until we nearly burst, and we almost had to call in Doctor Lucas before the spasm was over. (Ed—As a matter of fact, Mr. Windrem personally attended the Democratic National Convention at Chicago which nominated President Franklin D. Roosevelt.)

'CAPPY' RICKS IS GOING GREAT GUNS IN ALAMEDA CO.

Latest reports from the "Cappy" Ricks for Congress campaign for the Democratic nomination indicates that our Democratic candidate is making rapid strides in

(Continued on Editorial Page.)

People Welcome "New Deal" District Attorney

Knowing Lee Windrem's life-time opposition to the un-American and un-Democratic domination of the people by self-seeking interests, voters have rallied to his support in surprising and gratifying numbers.

From every section of the County, thousands of honest, decent, and God-fearing people have welcomed Mr. Windrem's candidacy and have pledged him their support in the coming election.

For 32 years, Lee D. Windrem has consistently fought, as a private citizen, for honest and decent government; and now that he has allowed his name to be placed on the ballot as a candidate for District Attorney—solely because this office will give him the opportunity to accomplish the needed reforms—his most intimate friends as well as the thousands who know him on account of his legal fame, are united in their determination to "put him over."

Of chief interest to those who have voluntarily come forward to help in his campaign is the question: "When is Mr. Windrem to deliver his series of speeches?" Mr. Windrem's reputation as an orator is unquestioned, and he will deliver his first major speech of the campaign next Monday night, August 13th, at Lincoln School Auditorium, Richmond, to be followed by his appearance at Martinez Tuesday evening, August 14th.

Do not miss these speeches. Come out and see what kind of a man this is who has the audacity to carry the slogan: "The One Man The Gang Fears." And if you don't think they fear him, come out and listen, and then ask yourself: "Windrem For District Attorney? Why NOT?"?

WINDREM SPEAKS MONDAY NIGHT

Lincoln School Auditorium
10th Street, Richmond

Doors Open at 7:30
Trouble Begins at Eight

MR. WINDREM WILL SPEAK IN MARTINEZ TUESDAY NIGHT

Lydell Peck Scores Set Up of State Board Equalization



LYDELL PECK

Lydell Peck, a popular and vigorous exponent of the "New Deal" is receiving a world of support in his campaign for the office of State Board of Equalization in this district.

Being a Democrat and a Progressive, Peck, who is well-known for his connection with the motion picture industry, and a member of a prominent San Joaquin Valley family, speaks openly and forcefully for his candidacy every Tuesday evening at 7:30 on the Columbia Broadcasting System of which KFRC is the San Francisco Station.

Scoring his opponent, Fred Stewart, Republican incumbent, for

(Continued on page 3)

EBONY WATERS

By Anne McClure Sholl

© By W. G. Chapman WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

On her way to a teaching position in Lostland Academy, Janet Mercer meets Prof. Arthur Fleming, also on his way to the Academy. Gordon Haskell, proprietor, welcomes them. Wilton Payne, teacher of psychology, completes the faculty. Janet witnesses a meeting between Haskell and a man of unprepossessing appearance, but evidently high in Haskell's confidence. In a schoolroom she finds a group, which she had supposed were scholars, are wax figures. Haskell explains unusual circumstances connected with the conduct of the Academy. Among the pupils is Berenice Bracebridge, daughter of the late owner of the school. The tragedy of Lostland Academy is the drowning of four of the Bracebridge children who lost their lives, at the same moment, years ago. The wax figures were modeled in the likenesses of the children, and Doctor Bracebridge's will ordered them preserved. Payne learns that the uncouth giant whom Janet had seen is named Balder, and is a valuable servant. Payne visits Jerry Moore, only witness of the drowning of the children. Reading diaries kept by Doctor Bracebridge, Payne senses something sinister in the drowning of the children. His distrust of Haskell increases. Haskell proposes marriage to Berenice, but she tells him she does not love him enough to marry him.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—10—

She broke off blushing. She had come too near to uttering a secret hope. Wilton, looking tenderly at her, saw in the signals of that rising color a prophecy of his own ultimate happiness—the fulfillment of his dearest wish!

A little, smooth path of white sand serpentined through the wood, its edges fern bordered; this they took until the fairy birches received them into their company, and ringed them from observation. The girl paused then with a sigh of relief, took off her knitted cap, and let her hair blow in the wind.

"Your hair is as yellow as the birch leaves. You are not afraid now."

"No!"

"Berenice, I never meant to tell you so soon—but, my dear—"

He paused, unable to meet her eyes or to utter the wild words of worship and adoration he had so often rehearsed in the lonely watches of the night—now they had flown from him as dreams flee. What was real was his stammering, his inability to tell her that she had become his inclosed world of glory and enchantment.

"Wilton—it isn't too soon. Here everything has to come quickly."

"For the danger—the fear!"

The spirit of her eyes was one of intense demand and challenge—as if she sought the refuge of his arms for more than the bright validities of love.

"To know you love me keeps the darkness back—keeps back what I most fear—what creeps up to me from all those sad, empty rooms and corridors." She pointed through the trees, across the blue, moving waters at the ivied building. "I am glad, Wilton—"

"I could not help it."

"As if I wanted you to! We shall be married—soon."

"We must keep our engagement secret."

"I would have to tell Janet." She started as the whirr of a partridge shook the bushes near them. "I feel nowhere safe from harm."

"What harm could come to you?"

"I don't know! I think too much."

"Yes—and you've had rather a strange girlhood."

She looked about her. "I'm glad you asked me to marry you here—out of doors. I shall never forget it. Here a little wintergreen plant close to my feet; a laurel bush behind us, a birch tree over us!"

He drew her into his arms, held her close—then a voice startled them apart. "Miss Berenice!" They turned. It was Balder, glowering at them evilly. "Your guardian wants you," he said, and threw Wilton an insolent and threatening look.

"Miss Bracebridge will come when she is ready. Please go back where you came from."

Balder drew himself to his full height. He was a terrifying spectacle as he shot an arm into the air with the curious precision of a machine.

"Don't get near my arm," he muttered. "I warn you to keep away."

"Leave us!"

"You think you can have it all your own way in Lostland academy. You're not the boss."

"Go! I tell you."

Balder turned away muttering "You'll be sorry."

Berenice addressed Wilton with passionate earnestness. "Oh, I am so sorry you spoke to him at all, Wilton—he is so sullen, so revengeful. I am always afraid of him. I hate to go back. He'll go straight to Gordon Haskell—and what will happen to us then?"

"Nothing can happen to us, darling. Haven't we the right to love each other?"

"Yes—but suppose he separates us?"

"He can't. I'll take you away first. Marry you at once."

"If I marry under twenty-one I must have his consent."

They stood in silence, the chill breath of actuality turned their vernal hopes to December bleakness.

"You are free of him absolutely—at twenty-one. Give me your promise, dear, to wait for me—through everything."

"What else should I wait for?"

"You haven't met many men, dear."

"No—but—I—know that I could not change." She spoke without emotion, as quietly and with as much conviction as she would have affirmed that they were standing near a lake.

"Berenice, I think I shall go straight to your guardian and tell him. What can he do? He can't turn back the clock!"

"Do you think it's best? I'm not sure of him. He has strange moods, solitary rages, biting ways of cutting people short. His personality helped in the decay of the academy; Oh, I am talking most freely, but it is a relief!"

"Of course it is. You are only telling me things I've figured out largely for myself. Janet and Arthur see it, too."

"You see, if he should be angry and tell you to go—what would become of me?"

"Don't worry! My darling, I'd be standing within call like these everlasting pines. I can camp in the deserted village—anywhere! Or go to Jerry Moore. He'd lodge me for a while, I'm sure."

"Don't let us tell him," she pleaded.

"But Balder will."

"Then let us go together."

Hand in hand they went back to the academy, and the depression that nearly always settled upon Wilton's spirits when he entered the building pressed down like a black cloud—but a cloud whose heart was fire. They went into the great hall and Berenice paused beneath her father's painting.

"Here's my real guardian. Go get Gordon Haskell. I will tell him here."

But Winton did not have to go far. Haskell was coming up the steps from the basement; his usually sleek hair mussed and tumbled, his eyes quite bloodshot. He stared steadily at his teacher of psychology.

"So this is the way you abuse my confidence—making love to your pupil, a girl not yet twenty!"

"I am twenty-eight," Wilton said. "Much nearer Miss Bracebridge's age than you are."

A welt of red showed in Haskell's face as if Wilton had actually struck him with a whip. "Oh, you scoundrel!" he muttered.

"Scoundrel? Haskell, you forget yourself! What is wrong in love that is open and honest? Since you are Miss Bracebridge's guardian, I am telling you that we intend to be married some day; with your consent, of course, if we can get it—without it if we can't!"

"Defiance! Open defiance! I will pay you your quarter's salary and you can go! Never come back! If you attempt to write to Miss Bracebridge or see her, I'll take legal steps to prevent you—that's all."

"Gordon Haskell—you are wicked! wicked!" Berenice's white face and blazing eyes transformed her for the moment into an accusing angel. If you think I'll give up Wilton Payne for a thousand guardians, you do not know me!"

"You've only known this man for a few weeks."

"No matter. Now you are not to turn him out of this place. He is a gentleman, a scholar, a man of honor. He pleaded with me to tell you at once—and came to do it—and this is your greeting."

"You need not go until Monday," Haskell muttered; "but then you must."

"I certainly shall go—and, I warn you, I shall also continue to see Miss Bracebridge; I am not penniless. Before I engaged to teach here a death in my family put me in possession of enough to keep me from depending wholly on my profession."

Haskell shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

Berenice stole to Payne's side. "Wilton, we must get his consent. I'd go anywhere with you—share any poverty!"

"We'll wait for each other."

"Where will you go?"

"I'll ask Jerry to take me in—and those of my pupils who want to finish this quarter with me—can—with no more obligation to me than they had before."

"I am afraid—he will make it very hard for you."

"I'm glad I had nothing in my hand. I believe I would have used it on him. I can quite understand now why your brothers and sisters did not like him."

"Kiss me quite openly under my father's picture. I know he's blessing us."

They kissed. The great house was shrouded in silence! Wilton thought what a blessing if the footsteps of Haskell and Balder would die out from these walls forever, and the place be restored to a lost innocence and peace.

"Oh, my dear—what shall I do in this great place without you?"

"I'll stay near by. I can work and study; and plan for the future. Life is all ours."

He told Janet and Arthur that evening. The two were in dismay. "Let us all leave," Arthur exclaimed. "Let's clear out and leave the brute and take Berenice with us."

"What good would that do, Arthur?" Janet remonstrated. "It would only make matters worse! No, I think we must stay and help her in another way."

"You're right, Janet," Wilton said. "I want to get to the root of the trouble here, and maybe I can get to the root much quicker from the outside."

Arthur looked earnestly at him. "You'll never have a finer field for psychological research. What do you think Haskell's game is?"

"He wants Berenice's money, I'm sure—but I think he's fond of her, too. You generally love what you protect, and as her guardian I suppose his affection and his sense of power increased together."

On Sunday he called at Jerry Moore's and was able to make satisfactory arrangements with him. "It will be good to have ye," Jerry commented. "He turned you out for courtin', eh? Well, I think Berenice done right to take ye—if you ask me!"

Wilton did not ask him many things. His parting from Berenice had been ardent, sorrowful, defeated and determined! She had promised him that with Mrs. Denver or Janet for a companion she would make her usual visits to Jerry. Wilton consoled himself by talking of her with the old farmer, whose admiration of Berenice was as great as his own. He spoke one night of the Christmas tree. Jerry took out his pipe and stared at him.

"That ain't around yet?"

"Not now—he burned it."

"Balder always did act queer about that tree. He lied to you when he said he saw it floating down. He brought it down himself on old White Star's back. White was a draught horse they



It Was Balder, Glowering at Them Evilly.

used to have. After the funeral Mrs. Bracebridge sent Jerry up to fetch down the tent and other things. The tree had an American flag on it, so Balder—I was helpin' him—he says, 'I'll take down the hull business. They'll want the stand mebbe.' Why for he didn't burn it I don't know—but Balder's a half-witted loon any way you take him."

Wilton thought the description accurate.

Apart from his separation from Berenice he rather relished his change of surroundings. The stark simplicities of life were always congenial to him; and the plain old farmhouse, the silence of the great hills, the bright procession of the winter days—it was an open and friendly winter—all combined to content him. Arthur he saw almost every day, Berenice every week at least; when Janet could not come with her Mrs. Denver did. The little housekeeper was no more reassured than she had been the day of her arrival; the pupils were falling off, she said; the story of Wilton's dismissal had gotten about and he had many sympathizers.

"When the last pupil goes, I'm going," she announced one day.

"I shall be the last pupil," Berenice said. "You'll wait for me, Mrs. Denver."

They left the housekeeper and Jerry talking on the subject of fruit preserving and went out into the cold for their own conference, more important to them than the plans of the Olympians.

"Why did you say you would be the last pupil, dear?" Wilton asked her.

"Because I know that many of them are not coming back after the Christmas holidays; there are rumors about; since Sally Welford's story of seeing my brothers and sisters—rumors that harm might come to people in the academy. Now, isn't that foolish?"

"No, I don't think it is!"

"I mean actual physical harm, not queer feelings and fear."

"I was always afraid of it. It's like a hidden ferment that may break out some day in a catastrophe. Has your guardian mentioned me in any way?"

"Yes; he says you will have to leave the neighborhood after Christmas!"

"I'll not leave you, Berenice! I'll not leave Lostland," he answered stubbornly.

"But he has threatened to stop my coming to Jerry's. He keeps the front gates locked now, and the way around by the lake is farther."

"Then we must write, when we can't meet."

"He looks over the mailbag every day."

"How about our own post—one of nature's providing? Here's a box ready—" he pointed to a squirrel hole in an old oak near by. "We can leave notes there—and if you can't get this far, Arthur will bring them himself, I know!"

"Wilton, we'll do that! My guardian has such an uncertain temper, one never knows what the next mood will be. Janet and I are continually together. We watch the shadows as if they were alive. We sit by the fire and wonder when the wind will die. Mother Martha never leaves the top of the house now—but I have to watch her, for she creeps up and down the corridor. Once I heard her call out, 'I'm coming, Althea. I'm coming, my lamb.'"

"Keep close to Janet."

"I have to sit with my guardian sometimes—he seems so unhappy. I found him one day with his head buried in his hands, and when I asked him if he were in pain, he answered quite savagely: 'I'll make a bonfire of the whole place some day; it's been a torment and an agony ever since I set foot in it. I've been bound to the wheel of your family, the whole horrible tragedy descended on me.' I told him I would release him from his guardianship at once if he wished; then he accused me of being in league with you against him. 'You two are spying on me! I never wanted to bring these teachers here—but you forced my hand, as usual.'

"I saw there was no use, Wilton. I left him to his dark fancies. He doesn't even take any classes now—says the sooner the whole farce is done the better. I dread Christmas!"

"Janet and Arthur are staying?"

"Yes, luckily."

He saw Arthur next day. The young men discussed the situation at the academy.

"Take my advice and get out. I never yet went uninvited into a yard where there were bulldogs," Arthur said philosophically. "Balder's a mean, sulky fellow—and that's the best can be said of him."

"What harm could Balder do me?"

"Don't get in his way—that's all!"

After that the days became a waiting for Berenice in the farmhouse over which the blue-black clouds of winter were now driving. Every day Wilton went to the oak, and at last his hand closed on the promised letter. He shut himself in his bedroom to read it:

"Dear Wilton:

"I haven't written before because I have been nursing Mother Martha. She refused to go to bed, poor dear, and died very quietly in her chair this morning. The servants are much afraid. Janet will move up to Mother Martha's room soon, and even Gordon Haskell approves of this. He is afraid I will be nervous, though how he could expect us to be very lively in that huge place I don't know. I have not mourned for dear Mother Martha. She was old and tired and wanted to go. Cook has her usual story—of her waking up in the night and seeing a boat with children in the moonlight—rowing Mother Martha. How can a place prosper under such a reign of superstition?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lydell Peck Scores Set Up of State Board Equalization

(Continued on page 3)

filing on the Democratic ticket, an open letter from Maurice Harrison, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee state that "Stewart is not a Democrat, and, in fact, campaigned against President Roosevelt in 1932." Which, it seems to this Democratic newspaper, should be sufficient to cause all sincere Democrats to carefully avoid Stewart's name on the Democratic ballot, and register a vote for a Democratic candidate, of which party, Lydell Peck is one of the leaders.

Stewart Fathered Tax on Poverty

"In a hullaballoo of flag waving, and statements that 'schools were kept' open by the Riley-Stewart Sales Tax," says Lydell Peck, "voters should remember that a poor man eats as much as a rich man and paying the same amount of sales tax as the rich man on eatables, is out of luck when it comes to the reductions which Stewart claims to have made on property taxes, because the property tax reductions for common people are practically nothing—that is, 10 per cent reduction on real property taxes of $60 per year would be $6, but the average person pays from $30 to $40 per year in sales taxes to get even this reduction. Whereas the rich man's ten per cent may be thousands of dollars, and his individual sales tax would be but little more than the $30 or $40 per year of the poor man."

(Ed. Note: If that's Equalization of taxes, I'm a deep sea monster.)

Lydell Peck stands for elimination of SALES TAX ON FOODS AND NECESSITIES.

Cost of the Sales Tax

Interesting figures as to the cost of collecting the sales tax are provided from State Records by Lydell Peck, as follows: It cost the State Board of Equalization $633,346.67 to collect $1,933,209.65—or more than $30 to collect $100. At the same time it cost the Federal Government $310,126.38 to collect $80,794,916.39—or 38 CENTS to collect $100. This was collecting 48 different forms of involved taxation from 390,000 California taxpayers. (Ed. Note: Of course, Fred figured he had to be reelected, so the more collectors he could hire the more votes they could get for him!)

Conclusion

Well, taxpayers, it is up to you! If you want to continue the sales tax on foods and necessities, and not only $70 out of every $100 collected—and build up Fred Stewart's political machine at the same time—vote for him. Otherwise, and particularly before the primaries, vote for Lydell Peck, who is capable and willing to eliminate special privilege and political tax-eaters. ELECT LYDELL PECK to the STATE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION, Second District.



JAMES H. PETTITTE

The Progress takes note this week of the candidacy of another of our good friends, "Jim" Pettitte, candidate for the office of Constable in the Fifteenth Township.

Mr. Pettitte has been a resident of Richmond for fifteen years, being employed for 7 years at the Standard Oil Company and for 6 years at the Certainteed. He has been active as a member and as the Scoutmaster for American Legion Post Troop, and is in the forefront on other veteran and civic betterment work. He is qualified by experience to handle the duties of Constable; and from what "Jim" tells us it looks like he has a good chance to win.

Frank P. Brady Favored For Supervisor in District No. 3

The fighting qualities of Frank P. Brady, so well demonstrated on the Martinez City Council, in the interest of the overburdened taxpayers of Contra Costa County, will stand Brady in good stead when he is elected to the office of Supervisor of the Third District in the elections this year.

His record from the time he came to Martinez years ago, and built his successful plumbing business against the many adverse forces is one of outstanding and forceful significance; and his task to come on the County Board of Supervisors will add to that record.

The Progress believes that "Jim" Long of District No. 1 can be depended upon in an out-and-out scuffle with the privileged class on one side and the overburdened taxpayer on the other; and with Brady will give us a board of supervisors in the next session that will make a record of constructive service for our citizens.

A VOTE FOR FRANK BRADY for Supervisor in the Third District IS A VOTE FOR THE PEOPLE.

Don't let your boat go on a Lee shore. List your vessel with us, for Sale or Trade. See the power boat Norma, $150.00, or chance on the copper rivited 40 foot cruiser, Happy Days.

PROGRESS MARINE DEPT.
Fred Wake, Mgr.

CWA PROGRESS

The Contra Costa Works Division, SERA, has completed two projects during the month of July and is working on ten projects at the present time as follows: County Appraisor's office project, Martinez; Richmond Seamstress; San Pablo School; Fairmont School, El Cerrito; Harding School, El Cerrito; Grant School, Richmond; Rifle and Pistol Range, Richmond; Bird Aviary, Richmond; Martinez City Hall; Cutter Street, Pittsburg. The two completed projects are the Traffic Survey which was part of a state wide survey, and a survey of boys discharged from Civilian Conservation Corps. The work accomplished on these 12 projects represents 15,936 man hours with an expenditure of $10,170.00 for work relief budgets.

A total of twenty-nine projects have been approved to date by the State office of the SERA for Contra Costa County. Approved projects which have not been started include Martinez Seamstress; Martinez Recorder's office project; Crockett Seamstress; Martinez Tax Assessor's office; Brentwood School; Bay Point School; Pittsburg City Hall and Library; Alvarado Park Well, Richmond; Alvarado Stations; Richmond City Hall; Girard Blvd., Richmond, and Wilson School, Richmond. These 29 projects carry a total authorized expenditure of $57,732.50.

Mrs. L. Bowdoin Brown, Director of Works' Division, for the county, urges all prospective sponsors for projects to prepare projects requiring unskilled labor in the ratio of five to one skilled and preferably ten unskilled to one skilled.

Firemen Did Not Endorse Fred Stewart

The Progress is in receipt of a letter, also mailed to the San Francisco Examiner, in which G. F. Irvine, Chairman of the California Legislative Board, asking a correction of the statement that the Four Brotherhoods had endorsed Fred Stewart. Irvine states that his organization did not endorse Stewart. (Ed.—It would be remarkable if they did, because I never knew any firemen or enginemen that would profit more by the sales tax than they would lose by it.)

Political Advertisement

It's Service for YOU!

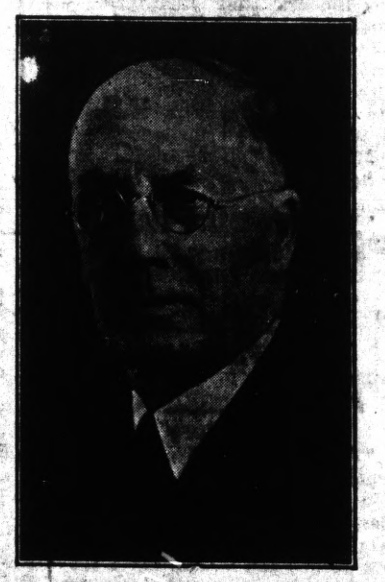
Reproduced from S. F. Examiner of August 5, 1934.

Sheriff Opens Hayward Branch

HAYWARD, Aug. 4.—Sheriff M. B. Driver of Alameda County has established a permanent branch of his office in the Hayward city hall for the purpose of giving BETTER AND MORE ECONOMICAL SERVICE to the southern portion of the County, it was announced yesterday.

Deputy Sheriff Hugo Radbruch, formerly located at Niles, will be placed in charge of the branch, it was stated, and the office will be equipped with an identification bureau, radio and other necessary paraphenalia.

Radbruch announced that sub-offices will be maintained in other cities.



RALPH HARRISON is the only candidate for sheriff in Contra Costa who has proposed sub-stations in the western and eastern ends of the county to give better and more economical service. It has been announced as a definite part of his platform. The stations can be placed in established public centers, their facilities open to other officers.

They will afford a link to closer co-operation, counsel and assistance of police and township officers, desired by Harrison and which he feels other officers will welcome.

Did you ever see a big city police force with one station? Then consider the size of Contra Costa. Sub-stations, real ones, WILL ABSOLUTELY SAVE, WILL BE EFFECTIVE and will spread protection. No more men are needed.

They have proved themselves elsewhere. Why not here?

Choose a Progressive, Thorough and Competent Officer.

Elect Ralph Harrison Sheriff

Political Advertisement



Your last opportunity

TO MAKE THESE SAVINGS ON GAS HEATING EQUIPMENT

SUMMER will soon be gone. Soon fickle fall with a sudden drop in temperature will be here. If you have an old-fashioned heating system this means getting back to the routine of ordering, storing and handling fuel and constant fire tending. And even then perhaps, never getting your house really warm.

Why not stop all this right now and save money? Change to the carefree comfort of Natural Gas heating. By automatic thermostat, by three-heat control or by turning a key you can keep your house at desired, healthful temperature no matter how changeable the weather may be.

Go ahead—make the change now. Why delay when it is so easy to pay for gas heating equipment at this time? It takes only a few hours, for example, to install a Natural Gas burner in your present furnace. Floor furnaces or circulating heaters and other gas heating appliances are likewise quickly and easily installed. Then you and your family are ready to enjoy the convenience of clean, carefree, healthful heating this fall and winter and many winters to come.

Remember, the special 10% Summer Discount on gas heating equipment ends this month. Why not go ahead and order your Natural Gas heating installed today?

SEE YOUR DEALER OR THE

P·G·and E·

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

Owned · Operated · Managed by Californians 252-834

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

ANOTHER MEMBER OF A BIG FAMILY

PETER RABBIT was just about to ask if he might go along with Chewink and see his nest when a new voice broke in. "What are you fellows talking about?" it demanded, and there flitted just in front of Peter a little bird the size of a sparrow, but lovelier than any sparrow of Peter's acquaintance. At first glance he seemed to be all blue, and such a lovely bright blue! But as



"You Ought to Be Thankful, Peter Rabbit, That You Haven't a Coat Like His."

he paused for an instant Peter saw that his wings and tail were mostly black, and that the lovely blue was brighter on his head and back. It was Indigo the Bunting.

"We were talking about our family," replied Chewink. "I was telling Peter that we belonged to the largest family among the birds."

"But you didn't say anything about Indigo," interrupted Peter. "Do you mean to say that he belongs to the same family?"

"I surely do," replied Indigo. "I'm rather closely related to the Sparrow branch. Don't I look like a Sparrow?"

Peter looked at Indigo closely. "In size and shape you do," he confessed, "but just the same I should never in the world have thought of connecting you with the Sparrows."

"How about me?" asked another voice, and a little brown bird flew up beside Indigo, twitching her tail nervously. She looked very Sparrow-like, indeed, so much so that had not Peter seen her with her handsome mate, for she was Mrs. Indigo, he certainly would have taken her for a sparrow. Only on her wings and tail was there any of the blue which made Indigo's coat so beautiful, and this was only a faint tinge.

"I'll have to confess that so far as you are concerned it isn't hard to think of you as related to the Sparrows," declared Peter. "Don't you sometimes wish you were as handsome as Indigo?"

Mrs. Indigo shook her head in the most decided way. "Never," she declared. "I have worries enough raising a family as it is, but if I had a coat like his I wouldn't have a moment of peace. You have no idea how I worry about him sometimes. You ought to be thankful, Peter Rabbit, that you haven't a coat like his. It attracts altogether too much attention."

Peter tried to picture himself in a bright blue coat and laughed right out at the mere thought and the others joined with him. Then Indigo flew to the top of a tall tree and began to sing. It was a lively song and Peter enjoyed it thoroughly. Mrs. Indigo took this opportunity to slip away unobserved, and when Peter looked around for Chewink, he, too, had disappeared. He had gone to tell Mrs. Chewink that he was quite safe and that she had nothing to worry about.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

BRAVO!



"Mr. Brown is so chivalrous."

"Did he save your life?"

"No; but when that shower came on yesterday he rushed for an umbrella and saved me from getting my bathing suit wet."

Imperishable Records

Indestructible records of picturesque and historic places in England are being preserved for future generations by printing etchings on clay, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. After the clay is fired and glazed, the etchings are printed on the tiles, each of which is 6½ inches by 5½ inches. A new method makes possible the production of strong line and delicate color.

Labrador and Britain

Labrador extends across nearly the same latitude as the British Isles but the shores of Britain and Ireland are washed by a current northbound from the tropics, while the icy waters of the Arctic flow down past the irregular northeastern coast of North America. There is, therefore, a vast difference in climate. The British climate is for the most part comfortably temperate, with winters usually milder than those of our North. The Labrador climate is described as very severe, cold and stormy. Toward the north its forests gradually diminish, the upper part of the country consisting of bare tundras. The Labrador winters are, nevertheless, rated bearable and healthful, due to their dryness.

Cities Called "Manchester"

Manchester is a manufacturing city of England—particularly of cotton goods. Lowell, Mass., has been called the Manchester of America; also Ghent, of Belgium; Osaka, of Japan; Elberfeld, of Prussia.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling. Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust

At All Drug Stores

Write Murine Co., Dept. W, Chicago, for Free Book

For Country Use



Chardonized yarn is used to make this three-piece suit in dark blue and white. It looks like boucle, but is inexpensive and won't stretch. The straight skirt has a swagger jacket to match and the fitted white blouse is trimmed at the round neck with an applique in navy. For country use, and even in town, this suit will see you through the summer and into the early days of fall.

Kind Words for the Raven

Many old writers refer to the raven in terms of ominous reference. Certainly, with them, it was an unhallowed bird, associated with death and the grave and all that is "woe-betiding."

But the raven, as the naturalist knows and respects him, is a handsome, courageous bird of the wild mountainous places, a domestic lover and a pattern of conjugal affection. The raven pairs for life, though when a mate is killed the "widower" will seek out for himself another "wife." Both male and female take their share in incubating the eggs and in nurturing the young. They frequently give an exhibition of wonderful aerial stunting, having a habit of soaring and circling high up on the mountainside and then suddenly "tumbling" headlong through the air to eventually flatten out and recover equilibrium.

Pimples on Face Never Could Shave

Healed by Cuticura

"Three years ago my face and arms broke out with a skin eruption that was followed by large, red pimples. They festered and went all over my face and arms. They itched and burned and I could never shave. I lost much rest at night with them.

"Nothing I tried helped very much. Then I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased them. I used about four cakes of Cuticura Soap and one and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment and now I feel like a new man. I am completely healed." (Signed) Harry R. Hall, 3958 14th Ave., Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 26, 1934.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold Everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

Men—"Personal Needs"—Women Drugs. Sundries. Valuable Catalog Free. Vital Products Co., Hoboken, N. J.

Young Enough, Yet Old Enough

Charming Age That Is Not Always a Matter of Years.

"The natural solemnity of youth, which finds almost everything worth making a fuss over, and not only wants but actually expects to reform the universe, and the natural frivolity of middle-age, which has learned that almost nothing is worth making any fuss over, are about as compatible as milk and vinegar."

When Louise Maunsell Field said that she pointed out one certain distinction between youth and age. For whatever one's calendar age, there is nothing so surely a sign of youth and immaturity as the penchant for getting terribly excited over the problem of the moment, of attaching life-and-death importance and cosmic values to every little thing.

And regardless of the color of one's hair or the condition of one's liver or bones, there is nothing in the world that so definitely marks one as old, as not caring one way or another about anything!

Of course none of us want to be immature, whether we are forty or seventeen. On the other hand we do not welcome the thought of being old. The delightful state that sixteen or seventeen wants so much to present and sixty or seventy wants so much to retain, is the state of youthful maturity.

Youthful maturity—and we intend to copyright the term—is that charming age when life and experience have taught us a true sense of values, and when we have left enough energy and imagination to enjoy that acquisition. It is the age that is young enough to have relish and zest, but old enough to be quietly amused; young enough to want certain things, but old enough to know that the world won't come to an end if we don't get them; young enough to care, but old enough to discriminate in what we care about; young enough to have passionate loyalties, but old enough to keep them rational and make allowances for the other side; in short, young enough to stand up to life and like it and want and care—but old enough not to be floored by it when it springs its surprises; old enough to take it all with just that grain of salt that leavens disappointment and disillusionment, that supplies the philosophy and the humor that keep one the "master"—of one's fate. And it is not always a matter of years.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



HOTEL LAND

Sacramento

"Comfort without Extravagance"

Rates $1.50 to $3.00

GARAGE and COFFEE SHOP in Connection.

ROY G. MITCHELL, Manager

MRS. WILLIAMS GAINS RELIEF FROM "RHEUMATIC" PAINS

Dr. W. E. Fitch Explains why Natural Mineral Water Often Helpful In Chronic Ailments

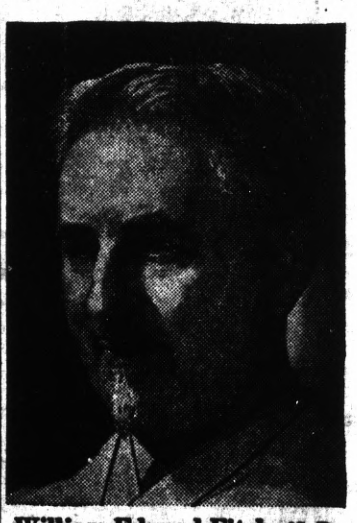
Mrs. H. Williams, 16 Princeton Street, Clifton, New Jersey, writes: "I suffered very badly with rheumatism but after taking Crazy Water Crystals I am a different person. They are wonderful. I would not be without them, they did me so much good."

Why is it that a fine natural mineral water, made at home from Crazy Water Crystals has benefited so many thousands suffering from "rheumatic" pains and other chronic ailments?

Dr. W. E. Fitch, noted medical authority on mineral water, in a recent radio talk over the National Broadcasting System stated:

"For many years, it has been a mystery even to the medical world just how natural mineral waters produced the amazing results that have made them so popular. Scientific and medical discoveries and research in the last few years, however, are penetrating these secrets of Nature, so that now medical men have a new understanding of the reasons for the power of natural mineral water to relieve suffering. One of these reasons is what is known as secondary mineralization, by which is meant that not only the predominating chemical constituents of a mineral water are of aid but also what are known as the secondary minerals—those present in infinitesimal quantities. The very fact of their being present in this way causes them to have a much more powerful systemic effect than if they were there in larger quantities. Let me recommend wholeheartedly to sufferers from chronic diseases the use of a suitable natural mineral water as a powerful adjuvant."

If you are suffering from "rheumatic" pains, we suggest you investigate Crazy Water Crystals immediately. Ask any of the millions who have used them.



William Edward Fitch, M. D.

Crazy Water Crystals are just minerals crystallized from a great natural mineral water flowing at Mineral Wells, Texas, and Thorndale, Texas, a type of mineral water that has built one of the world's greatest health resorts. Nothing is added to the minerals, and by dissolving them in plain water you make a fine mineral water at home at a cost of only a few cents a gallon.

A standard sized package, sufficient for three weeks mineral water treatment in your own home costs only $1.50. Get one today. Crazy Water Co., Mineral Wells, Texas.

CRAZY Water Crystals

are for sale in many drug stores. In the larger cities there are exclusive Crazy Water Crystal stores. See your telephone book.

Mr. Windrem's Platform

Believing that candidates for public office should make definite promises so that voters may know exactly what to expect from them when elected, Mr. Lee D. Windrem, candidate for District Attorney of Contra Costa County, presents the following plain-spoken program:

Elimination of the "Happy Family"

I am unalterably opposed to the closed corporation in the Court House that has existed for over a quarter of a century and is generally known as the "Corporation of the Happy Family" and to their practise, presently existing, of indulging in menace, threat, or purchase of any of our citizens who dares to aspire to an office against the "INs." I am further opposed to the practise of this "happy family" of levying an assessment upon those "INs" who have no opposition in election to pay the campaign expenses of those office holders who have opposition.

Lowering Of Taxes

It is further my purpose to find out why this is the highest-taxed county in the State of California and yet

(Continued next week)

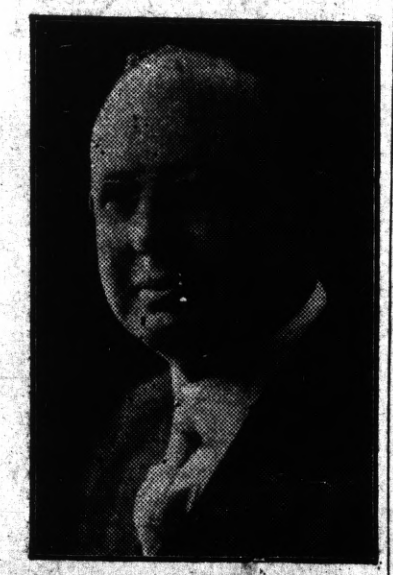
RICHMOND THEATRE

Tonight, "Dancing Lady" and "The Star Packer;" Tomorrow, "Easy to Love" and "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen;" Sun.-Mon., "Half a Sinner" and "Six of a Kind;" Tues.-Wed., Fredric March in "All of Me" and "Bedside;" Thurs.-Fri., "Keep 'Em Rolling" and "Should Ladies Behave?"

LYDELL PECK For State Board of Equalization

LYDELL PECK stand for:

1. WHOLE-HEARTEDLY for President Roosevelt and the New Deal.
2. AGAINST the Fred Stewart SALES TAX ON FOODS AND NECESSITIES (60 per cent of the revenue obtained by sales tax is paid by people making LESS than $2000 a year).
3. TAXES should be equalized and paid only in proportion to the benefits and protection received.
4. AGAINST an ad valorem tax.
5. BELIEVES in unemployment insurance.
6. FOR A UNIFORM RULE and enforcement of the liquor license without favoritism.
7. AGAINST the issuance of tax exempt securities.
8. FOR HONESTY and ECONOMY in State Government.
9. PLEDGES to drive the "money changers" out of State politics.
10. FOR the reorganizing and consolidation of local government to reduce taxation cost.
11. WILL enforce fairness and justice as they should exist among the various elements of economic life.
12. WILL ELIMINATE SPECIAL PRIVILEGE AND POLITICAL TAX-EATERS.
13. BELIEVES that the success of our whole, great National program depends upon the co-operation of the public—and — State Government with the National Government.
14. DEDICATED to President Roosevelt's statement "That nobody is going to starve in this country—no business which depends for existence on paying less than living wages to its workers has any right to continue in this country—and by LIVING wages I mean wages of DECENT living."
15. DO NOT BE MISLED BY INCUMBENTS' ELECTION PROMISES.
16. LOOK at the rotten and deplorable conditions of the State and drive the looters out.
17. DO NOT ELECT THE OLD GUARD INCUMBENTS, who are against Roosevelt's Recovery Program.
18. SUPPORT the President.
19. VOTE FOR CALIFORNIA'S NEW DEAL .
20. LYDELL PECK IS A DEMOCRAT.



Vote For
AUBREY WILSON
CORONER
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election,
August 28th, 1934



Vote For
JAMES H. WRIGHT
Candidate for
Assemblyman
10th Assembly District
Primary Election
August 28th, 1934

FARINA'S GROCERY

128 Standard Ave. Phone Rich. 131

WELLMAN "FLAVOR FAMOUS"
COFFEE
Contains Genuine Arabian Mocha
1 lb. Can **29c**

Lipton's Tea
Yellow Label
1-4 lb. **19c**
½ lb. **37c**
FREE—New Tea Strainer. Mail top of label of 1-4 or ½ lb. Yellow Label Tea to Thomas J. Lipton, 566 Mission St., San Francisco.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE
12 oz. can **31c**

Burbank Potatoes
33 lb. Box
39c per Box

String Beans
Kentucky Wonder Fresh
3 lbs. 14c

LETTUCE Large - Solid
2 for 5c

CELERY Choice
10c Each

Strictly Fresh POULTRY

BISQUICK
Package
31c

Best Foods-Blue Moon Salad Special
AMERICAN SPREAD
17c

Today's Big Value!
SUNBRITE CLEANSER
per can **4c**

2 pkgs. Bird Seed **20c**
Tru Pak
1 pkg. Bird Gravel **1c**

Wilbur Sweet Chocolate
With 3 oz. pkg. Roasted Peanuts **3 for 10c**

We Reserve the Right To Limit Quantity

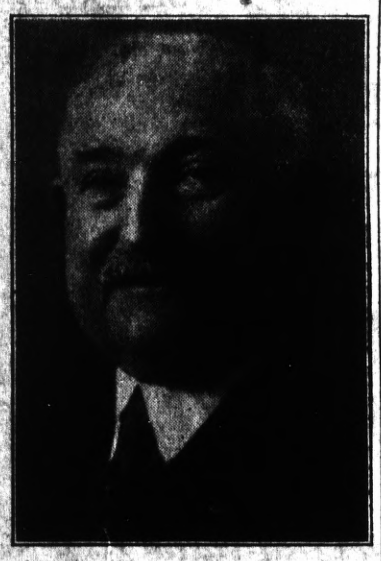
Elect RALPH CUNNINGHAM



Recorder

Primary, August 28th, 1934

RE-ELECT
R. R. Veale



SHERIFF

Backed by a world's record of experience and service.

Primary, August 28th 1934

ELECT
A. A. Hughes



Candidate for
SHERIFF
Primary Election
August 28th 1934

ELECT



John A. MILLER
SHERIFF
Of Contra Costa County

"Let's Work and Win Together"
Primary. August 28, 1934

Subscribe to The
Pt. Richmond Progress
50c for Three Months

Lights of New York

By L. L. STEVENSON

Simon Lagree cracks his whip, a black man prays for the souls of white men who misuse him, and little Eva ascends to heaven under city auspices. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is playing a season right here in New York. The players are real troupers though they will not travel in a private car, or maybe two private cars, as Tom shows—so the old Clipper called them—used to do in my boyhood. They ride in the subway. The theaters are different than those of other times. They are trailers, which are towed here and there by motor trucks. Each is a complete theater. On reaching the desired spot in one of the public parks, a dressing tent will be erected, the trailer unfolded and a plug inserted in a convenient electric outlet. That's all the preparation necessary. Since there are to be no parades, the troupers won't have to double in brass. But business is assured—all tickets are free.

* * *

There are five of the trailer-theaters, each complete in itself. Thirty feet long, they are 8 feet wide and 13 feet high—the dimensions being governed by the city ordinance covering that kind of vehicle. When unfolded, there is a stage 30 by 20 feet with footlights, back-drops, borders, scenery, properties and everything else necessary. A switchboard in front controls the lighting. The stage crew consists of an electrician, a property man, a fly man and a carpenter. The idea of a municipal moving theater came from the brain of George Junkin, head of the drama department of the city public works division. Cleon Throckmorton designed the trailers, donated the idea to the city and supervised the building in his Greenwich Village workshop. The actors have been selected from among the many unemployed Thespians. Their salaries come from welfare funds. So do those of the stage crews, and the other costs. Twelve performances a week is the schedule for each theater.

* * *

Looking back, I discover I have overlooked the dressing tent. To protect the theater from the elements, each trailer is covered with a canvas. When that canvas is taken off, it is set up as a dressing tent. The Tom shows won't compete with theaters and movies since tickets will be distributed by welfare agencies among families who have no money for amusements.

* * *

By no means is "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the only throwback to the gas-light era. For quite some time, "The Drunkard," first presented here many years ago by P. T. Barnum, has been flourishing in an old church on East Fifty-fifth street, the patrons drinking beer while witnessing the performances. Then, too, Mr. Throckmorton is directing a restoration of the Peoples theater down on the Bowery for a revival of "The Black Crook." There will be bars and tables so that patrons may have their beer along with art, and Nita Naldi, star of the old silent screen, will appear in black tights and Ann Pennington will show her knees. In addition, there is revival of the old Bowery amateur night at the Casino de Paree. "You furnish the vegetables and we furnish the actors," say the ads. That has stirred up the Actors' Protective association so there may be a change.

* * *

Will have to go down and see "The Black Crook." The night it played in our town, I wasn't in my regular seat at Dickson's Grand opera house—there was a home order that I dare not disobey. "The Black Crook" was a leg show, and leg shows weren't for young male eyes. A friend—he looked older than his years—sneaked into the gallery and rendered a lurid report. So, after all these years, I have an opportunity to check up on him.

FUR TRADERS WILL SEEK PHANTOM SHIP

Plays Hide and Seek With Fortune Hunters.

Seattle.—As the fur trading fleet sails this summer through Bering sea and enters the Arctic, skippers will watch for signs of the phantom ship, Baychimo, which for three years has reappeared to the sight of man from the white depths of the polar cap.

Lost in the bleak ice-choked seas of the Arctic nearly four years ago, the steamship Baychimo of the famed Hudson's Bay company, is a ghost ship that has played hide and seek with fortune hunters and thrilled the crews and passengers of the summer trading fleet.

Last summer the Baychimo appeared within ten miles of Wainwright, near the spot where she foundered and went adrift in stormy seas. Most of the valued fur cargo was removed by the crew before abandoning the vessel.

Boarded by Captain.

Last summer as the Coast Guard cutter Northland nosed her way through the leads in the ice floes en route toward Point Barrow, the ghostly frost-covered Baychimo loomed up to starboard. The amazed crew advanced very near the old ship. The schooner C. S. Holmes also came in touch with the phantom a few weeks later, and Capt. John Backland boarded the drifter. He found the hold white with hoar frost, the quarters and machinery as good as new; provisions in a state of refrigeration that required axes to loosen. Not a doubt was expressed but that the Baychimo might weather another winter in the ice-locked region.

The schooner Trader also visited the phantom as did the Patterson, Anyox, and North Star.

As the old wreck drifted close to Point Barrow Eskimos boarded her and removed all movable equipment. Other trips to the ship before winter enabled them to obtain caribou skins, fuel and curios of ivory.

First Seen in Mirage.

It was a spectacular sight when first the hulk hove in view of those vessels. Far off on the edge of a glittering ice pack the phantom ship was reflected in a mirage. She was steering at a good five miles an hour past the shoals and floes separating the trading boats and the wreck.

"You'd think," reported Captain Backland, "that some one was at her wheel. I believe she's haunted. She steers clear of shoals and sharp jagged ice floes as if a master hand were handling a sextant and compass."

Mariners who make the Arctic voyage every summer are now wondering whether other ships that have disappeared into the polar regions are still intact.

Vessels have been vanishing into the unexplored basin ever since the beginning of arctic navigation. In one great sweep the ice pack, in 1876, carried 30 whaling ships off from the chartered waters of the Arctic coast. Most of the men fled the helpless ships and made their way to Point Barrow, but 70 refused to desert the whale boats.

Hen's Egg Measures Six by Eight Inches

Big Rapids, Mich.—C. E. Modrow and his White Leghorn hen are crowing over an egg measuring 6 inches the short way and 8 the other, which, Modrow points out, is bigger than an egg laid recently at Bridgman, which did not measure more than 6 inches either way. Modrow, who lives in the Woodville district, doesn't want to boast, it is explained, but merely wants to egg on other poultry men to see what their hens can do.



ELECT
LOUIS E. DAVIS
Candidate For
AUDITOR
Of Contra Costa County

Primary Election
August 28, 1934

ELECT



MORRIS HOFFMAN
Candidate For
AUDITOR
Of Contra Costa County

Primary Election
August 28, 1934

ELECT
ED HELTZEN



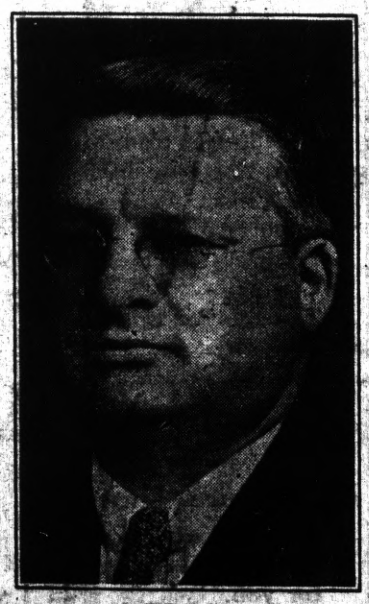
Candidate For
PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election
August 28, 1934



RE-ELECT
JOHN MOORE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Candidate For
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
15th Township
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election
August 28, 1934



VOTE FOR
'Cappy' Ricks
for CONGRESS
Roosevelt Democrat for a New Deal
Sixth Congressional District
Democratic Primary August 28,'34



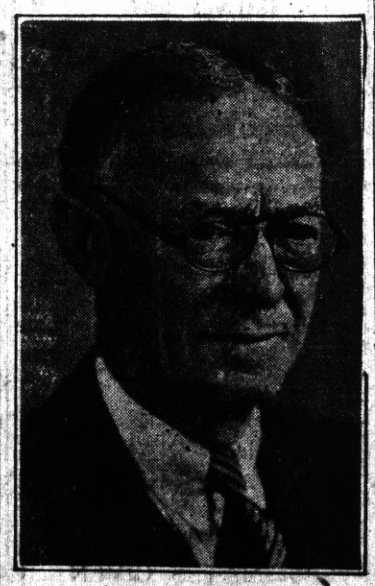
ELECT
H. E. JACOBS
Candidate For
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
15th Township
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election



VOTE FOR
HAROLD SAWALLISCH
Attorney at Law
Candidate for
Justice of the Peace
15th Township
Primary Election



VOTE FOR
JOE LONGO
Candidate For
SHERIFF
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election
August 28, 1934



ELECT
Harry Chapman
Candidate For
Surveyor
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election
August 28, 1934

WAGE WAR TO SAVE "FOOD OF THE GODS"

Plant Disease Threatens Cacao Plantations.

Washington. — "The fight being waged to save, from a destructive plant disease, the famous cacao plantations of Trinidad, West Indies, brings into the news an unusual, two-fold industry," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"Not only does the cacao bean supply the producers of candies and sweetmeats with a unique solid ingredient and flavoring, but it furnishes 'the makings' for a hot beverage, surpassed in world importance only by coffee and tea.

"Chocolate was a gift to man's palate from the Western hemisphere," continues the bulletin. "Like tobacco, the potato, and a number of other plant products, it was taken back to Europe by explorers soon after Columbus opened the road to the New world, and launched on the way that has led to world markets.

Source of Chocolate.

"In trade circles today three terms are used: chocolate and cocoa, and cacao. The tropical tree which is the source of chocolate is called the cacao. In its leathery, cucumberlike fruit are cacao pods which contain cacao beans. But when the beans are roasted and ground, and much of the fat is pressed out, the remaining brown substance (ground to a dry powder), is cocoa. If the fat is not pressed out, the darker substance is chocolate.

"Credit for the manufacture of chocolate from the hidden seed of an unprepossessing fruit belongs to the original inhabitants of Mexico. In 1519, when Hernando Cortez invaded that country, he discovered that the cacao tree was widely cultivated. The natives had concocted a drink called 'chocolatl' or 'cacahuatl,' from which have come the name 'chocolate' and 'cocoa.' Frothing pitchers of chocolate were served by Montezuma when he entertained Cortez.

"Students of American native customs have estimated that the drink was in use 1,000 years before the arrival of Europeans. According to Mexican mythology the seed of the cacao tree was carried from a New world version of the Garden of Eden into Mexico by Quetzalcoatl, god of air. The fruit, it is related, was a favorite food of the gods. The great Swedish botanist, Linnaeus, christened the fruit Theobroma cacao, meaning in Greek 'Food of the Gods.'

"Cacao was used as a means of barter and the payment of tribute by the Aztecs and Mayans. A man's wealth was often judged by the number of cacao beans he possessed. In Mexico a good slave could be purchased for 100 beans.

"Its highly concentrated food value, low cost of production, and numerous uses have stimulated cacao cultivation to such an extent that now it is grown in practically all tropical countries.

"As an international commodity, the cacao bean has grown in importance to such an extent that the United States alone, in 1933, imported 474,270,000 pounds, valued at $18,739,000. The United States is by far the largest consumer, cacao ranking sixteenth in value on our list of imports. Germany, Great Britain, and the Netherlands follow in the order named.

Once a Monopoly.

"For many years the Spaniards of South America and of some of the West Indies monopolized the cacao industry. Chocolate was introduced into Spain by Cortez and his conquistadores about the beginning of the Sixteenth century, but the process of chocolate manufacture was kept a secret for almost 100 years. In 1606, an Italian discovered the method of preparation. Shortly afterwards, monks and travelers spread the news throughout Europe. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries found the popularity of the drink steadily increasing. Cocoa was established in England, as well as on the continent.

"Chocolate, however, was a luxury which only the rich could afford, since it sold for as much as five dollars a pound. Today, good chocolate can be purchased for a few cents a pound, and is consumed in one form or another by millions of people the world over.

"Modern methods of cocoa and chocolate manufacture differ little from those used by primitive people centuries ago. In Mexico, the natives roasted the beans and then ground them between two warm flat stones until a fine paste was obtained. This was sometimes mixed with maize (corn) and flavored with vanilla and spices. The paste was molded into forms desired and allowed to cool. Modern preparation of the commodity is more scientific and thorough, but the principal steps taken are much the same."

Keeper Rolls Wolves

Buenos Aires. — Three circus wolves howled all night here when they couldn't keep a human from their door. Neighbors complained, and police found the keeper, Max Bilman, had received no wages for six months and had stolen the wolves' rations.

Home Town Boys Have Failed to Make Good

Budapest.—In Besence, Hungary, the women have gone on a marriage strike.

For some subtle feminine reason they refuse to marry the men of the village, though they're overwhelmed with offers, there being five times as many men as women in the town.

Through sheer contrariness from the masculine point of view they have all proceeded to get "crushes" on the gentlemen of a neighboring village, where the women are in the majority.

The unfortunate Besence males have set up a law whereby no outsider contemplating marriage with a Besence girl may enter the town, nor may the native lassies leave to marry anybody in the neighboring town.

But the problem is far from being solved. The girls are locked up. The men are still lonely. And everybody is very, very unhappy.

Ancient Weapons of War Retired Farmer's Hobby

Beaver Dam, Wis.—Weapons of war ranging from Indian arrows heads to German machine guns have been collected for a period of many years by August Smith, Beaver Dam, a retired farmer and former member of the Wisconsin National guard.

He has more than 3,000 arrow heads in his collection in addition to 300 stone hammers and axes and about 300 guns. His collection includes the rifle with which Sitting Bull is supposed to have been killed.

Champion Fiddler Balks at Modern Jazz Music

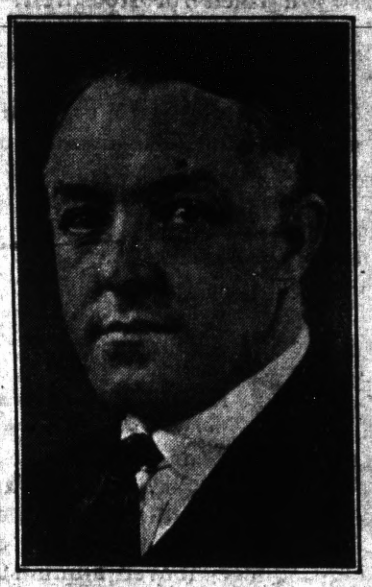
Macon, Mo.—Henry Taylor, sixty-nine-year-old champion old-time fiddler of Missouri, with a silver loving cup to prove it, will not play jazz.

When he used to furnish music for countryside affairs they were old-fashioned square dances and the like. One night he was asked to play for a jazz dance. He didn't know exactly what it was, but he went in and tuned up. Then he saw that "jazz dance was hugging set to music" and he walked out.

"I'll never play for another affair to which I can't take my wife and daughters," said the veteran fiddler, "and I sure wouldn't take 'em to a place like that."

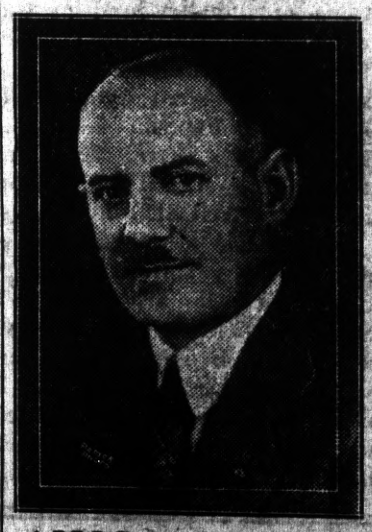


ELECT
T.H. DeLap
Candidate For
ASSEMBLY
Tenth Assembly District
Primary Election
August 28, 1934



VOTE FOR
J. H. PLATE
Candidate For
AUDITOR
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election
August 28, 1934

VOTE FOR



AMOS B. HINKLEY
Candidate For
RECORDER
Of Contra Costa County
Primary Election
August 28, 1934

POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

A Democratic Newspaper That Stands Solidly Behind President Roosevelt's New Deal.

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HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER

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85c for 6 Months; $1.50 for One Year

REPUBLICAN PARTY RAVINGS

Until we can get hold of a copy of Mr. Hoover's new book, which will doubtless be the greatest bang of all, we must get our humor out of the blue-breasted, reactionary magazines like "Liberty" and the "Saturday Evening Post." The latest jokester to come forth from the G. O. P. is none other than Senator Dickinson in "Liberty" of this week. If the Senator's maiden efforts to treat the Republican Wreck's chances of Victory were not so futile it would certainly be pathetic. For example, here are a few choice quotations from the article:

> "Our forefathers insisted that a man maintain a farm, on which he could raise wheat for flour, keep a cow for milk, raise a hog for pork, have a wood lot for fuel, and maintain himself as a self-respecting citizen."

Splendid, Senator, and tell us where would any one of the 17,000,000 of us out of work in the Last Year of Hoover—1932—go to get the farm or the cow or the hog or the wood lot. All those things were carefully concealed in a mountainous pile of papers down at the bank!—And so we voted for Roosevelt!—And then this one:

> "It has been suggested that the Post Office Department, if operated by an individual could be operated at from 50 to 60 per cent of its present cost."

Yes, and the minute Jim Farley lopped off $9,000,000 of the $19,000,000 air-mail contracts you Republicans had dished out, who was it yelled about an "air-mail fiasco." Senator, don't cry when we show you how your 50% savings works out by the present Democratic administration. Because we still vote for Roosevelt. And then another; this time about the tariff rates:

> "The Republican party does not believe in tariff favoritism."

You laugh at THAT one, Senator Dickinson, my lip is cracked."

> "The Republican Party does not believe in monopoly, and does not want to drive out the small business man."

Tell that one to Charlie Ceridono, or Albert Whitesides, or Tony Mazza, Senator, they are Point Richmond grocery merchants, who noted with not unmingled emotions the steady rise of the chain stores under the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover administrations.

But shades of the Full Dinner Pail, can it be possible that the Senator would ever have penned THESE words, but here they are!

> "The theory that any particular policy . . . is responsible for existing conditions is erroneous."

Wowie! And to think of all the votes that were cast back in the dear, dim days of Republican affluence because the Republican Party had provided those fine, prosperous days! No, no, Senator, it's no use, you rode that horse so long you can't change now, when you would like to do so. Your Republican Party told us all we had to do was to let you continue to feed the banks and the captains of industry and prosperity would trickle down to us later. But the time came, in 1929, when it ceased to trickle, and the first chance we had to get back at you, we put President Franklin D. Roosevelt into the White House to show you—and we, poor devils, will vote to see that he stays there. Even if we were to agree with you that "the SYSTEM did not produce the 1929 collapse, but it was the ABUSES of the system."

After all, you Republicans created the ABUSES of the system—why should we let you ever get within a mile of the throttle after this? I don't think we will; and, Senator Dickinson, as we assume that you are sincerely anxious to benefit the United States, how would it be if we can suggest: Vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt every chance you get? As a matter of fact, if he hadn't pulled us out of the hole, you Republicans probably wouldn't have the stomach to even TRY to come back.

The Progress Press

OBSERVATIONS
By Leo D. Windrem

Hand would hold the election just the same or if the people would accept HIS conclusion in the matter.

* * *

Then he stated to me that Jack Galvin controlled the press of Contra Costa County and that he and his papers would be against me. I answered him that I was happy to know that Jack Galvin and his controlled press were against me because I know that he and his papers were against everything I ever stood for in my life.

* * *

I was further advised that if I insisted on being a candidate that the gang would destroy my reputation. I asked him if that meant destroying my reputation as a successful lawyer for 39 years in California, 32 years of which was in this county, or my integrity or my honor. I made this answer to him and I want the people of Contra Costa County to know it: "You go back to the gang that sent you and tell them for me that there is not one of them that does not live in a thin glass house and that when they start that kind of a campaign against me they've lost before they begin."

* * *

Such are some of the weapons the gang uses to bludgeon or buy or browbeat candidates who are known to be against the gang. And I am against the gang. Those who have known me the longest and most intimately are my most loyal supporters because they know that conditions in this county are intolerable and they have perfect faith in my honor, ability and integrity to restore the government back to the people where it belongs.

* * *

In conclusion, I was never before a candidate for an office in my life and I would not be one now if I did not believe that I am the one man who can accomplish this result. And I pledge you now that, if elected, I will use every authority of my office to make this a more desirable place in which to live.

Where Most People Live

Nearly half of the population of continental United States lives in 96 metropolitan districts.

Leading Ailments

According to health statistics, neuritis, lumbago, sciatica and similar illnesses incapacitate more men and women for their daily work than any other ailments.

'CAPPY' RICKS IS GOING GREAT GUNS IN ALAMEDA CO.

(Continued on Editorial Page.)

capturing the big majority of voters in Alameda County, which constitutes 80 per cent of the vote in the Sixth Congressional District.

There is no doubt that "Cappy" will come out of Contra Costa County, his homeland, with a nice majority, and the recent endorsements of his campaign by labor leaders and organizations, veterans, and others looks good to those who want a Democrat in Congress to back up President Roosevelt. Latest of the large organizations to endorse "Cappy" is the Slavic-American Voters League of Alameda County which is composed of over 12,000 voters in Alameda County.

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Louise's Day Laborer

By DORTHEA WYNNE

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"LOUISE WILLIAMS, I'd be ashamed to be seen talking to that Ed Martin! He's nothing but a mill hand—a day laborer, and you know the office force never has anything to do with the men in the workrooms."

As she talked Mamie Powell continued to scrutinize her face in the tiny dressing room mirror.

"He's all right," answered Louise carelessly, "and he's lonesome and I'm going out with him again tonight. I don't care what he is. After all, who are we to be so standoffish? Your father's an expert carpenter and mine works at the post office — good and honest, both of them, but not highbrows by a whole lot."

"Well, Honey," said Mamie after a moment, "you're going to queer yourself with the whole gang down here. The girls were talking to me about it yesterday."

With a wave of her hand Mamie disappeared through the swinging door. Louise was thoughtful for a moment. Then she quickly raised her head, determination gleaming in her eyes.

"I like him," she declared to herself. "I don't care what he is or how shabby he dresses—and I'm going out with him tonight. The girls can drop me if they like."

Later that afternoon Ed Martin caught up with her on her way home and fell into step at her side.

"What's the matter, Louise?" he asked after a moment.

"Nothing," she answered, trying to make her voice sound gay. "What should be the matter?"

He smiled down at her and took her arm. "I'm looking forward to that date with you tonight."

He swung his dinner pail quite unconsciously as he walked along, much to Louise's discomfort.

"I'm not a snob!" Louise kept saying to herself. "But I do wish he'd carry his lunch in a package as so many other men do. I am a snob, I'm hateful. He can carry his lunch in a dishpan if he wants to. He's good-looking and lovely and it doesn't matter what a man does—it's what he is that really counts."

"You're always so dainty and sweet and I'm such a great big clumsy thing—and so shabby. It makes me feel ashamed to be seen walking along here with you."

"Ed Martin, if you talk like that I'll—I don't know what I'll do."

"That's all right," he went on seriously, "but none of the other office girls'll ever look at me, so it makes me think the more of your friendship."

Louise slipped her arm through his. "If that's so—I'm glad."

"I mean it, Lolly. You don't know how much I do think of you," he said solemnly.

He left her at her gate and hurried off down the street. "Bless his heart," she said softly as she turned and went in.

Eight o'clock found him back, all bathed and brushed and combed.

"Louise, I brought you something," he said, when they were seated in the porch swing, and diving down into his vest pocket he drew out a ring set with a small solitaire diamond that caught the rays of light from the street lamp on the corner and made it sparkle like a tiny star lying in his hand.

"Oh, Ed, it's lovely!" she answered breathlessly.

With his arm around her he slipped the ring into place, then he drew her to him and kissed her.

"You're a little darling!" he said after a moment and to Louise's amazement she found herself engaged.

"I guess I really am going to be married," she told herself that night, after he had left. "I do love him but I had hoped life would be a little easier for me after I married."

At first she decided not to wear her ring to work the next morning, but somehow she could not resist the temptation. Within an hour every one knew that she was engaged—to Ed Martin, the day laborer. It wasn't what the girls said, it was what they thought that made life hard for Louise.

On a warm day in late June she heard a great commotion in the work room. Rushing out she saw one of the men being led away by a policeman.

"What's the matter?" she asked, but no one answered. At last Ed came to her, pushing his way through the crowd.

"Well, Louise, I worked beside him and chummed with him six months before I got him. He's just confessed he was one of the men in the Holton bank robbery four years ago in West Springs. We've been chasing that man for years, and he's dodged around under a dozen aliases."

Louise only gaped at him in wide-eyed amazement.

"You see," he explained, "I'm a detective with the Fosterton Detective agency. We suspected that fellow and I was just working down here to get his confidence. And say, Louise, I bet I get a promotion for this."

But Louise could not answer. She was too busy thinking: "What will the girls say now!"

Require Little Food

Those extraordinary animals of South Africa, the aard-varks or earth pigs, weigh about as much as a man, but live almost wholly on a diet of tiny termites.

Where Wives Are Found

Nearly all young girls in Sweden, when they finish their schooling, take a course in cookery and housekeeping as well.

Peculiarities of Camels

The fact that the camel can't be sheared or pulled isn't the only peculiarity about him. There's also the curious fact that the extremes of the desert temperature—intense heat by day and chill coolness at night—require that a camel must be kept cool by day and warm by night. And for reasons that the scientists can't explain, camel's hair cloth retains that paradox of properties.

Human Bodies Like Stoves

Human bodies are like stoves—65 per cent of the heat generated is radiated.

Millions NOW WANT THE NEW Firestone CENTURY PROGRESS TIRE THAT TEN MILLION PEOPLE HELPED TO BUILD



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Drive in to the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store today! Equip your car with these new Firestone Century Progress Tires, with the massive flat tread, deep-cut non-skid, broad husky shoulders, and Gum-Dipped cords. Tire prices probably never again will be as low as they are today. At these unusually low prices for *first grade* tires, we make it easy for you to buy not only one tire, but a complete set.

And Remember — with every tire you are protected by the new Firestone Triple Guarantee

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5.00-19	8.34	7.20	1.14	4.56
5.25-18	9.27	8.00	1.27	5.08
5.25-21	10.20	8.80	1.40	5.60
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5.50-18	10.45	9.05	1.40	5.60
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6.00-19 n.s.	14.47	12.45	2.02	8.08
7.00-20 n.s.	19.83	17.10	2.73	10.92

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29x4½	3.65

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THE TIRE SENSATION of '34 Sells on Sight!

Adams Snubbed Jefferson

President John Adams refused to ride with his successor, Thomas Jefferson, in the inaugural parade.

Wednesday Safest Day

Wednesday is the safest day for pedestrians, a recent survey in Europe shows, Monday being the next safest, with Thursday, Friday, Sunday and Saturday having fewer accidents in the order named.

RE-ELECT

Raymond B. JOHNSON

Incumbent



Public Administrator

Of Contra Costa County

Primary Election

August 28, 1934

MARTINEZ I. D. E. S.

The I. D. E. S. lodge announces its candidates' ball to be held in the I. D. E. S. Hall in Martinez on August 11.

All candidates are invited to attend.

There will be five valuable door prizes. The first prize being five dollars in cash.

... orchestra will furnish the music for the ball.

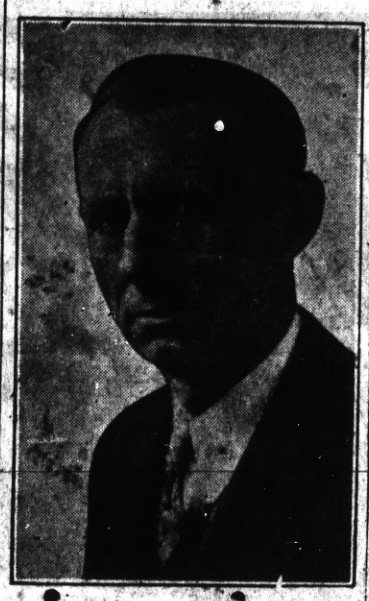
New Hampshire Highways

New Hampshire's highways date back to 1796 when legislators passed an act incorporating a company to build the first ...

RETURN

JAMES N. LONG

(Incumbent)



For County Supervisor

First District

LEGION AND AUXILIARY HOLD JOINT INSTALLATION

One of the most successful meetings ever held by Richmond Post No. 10 of the American Legion occured last night, when the auxiliary and the legion held joint installation ceremonies.

Past commanders of the organizations assisted the installing officers, and entertainment and a banquet finished the evening.

Lloyd O. Spires is Commander of Post 10 for this year; Chas. W. W. St. John, adjutant; John "Barney" Kinstrey, first vice commander; C. H. Dexter, second vice commander; Rev. A. J. Case, chaplain; Al J. Cundy, sergeant at arms; A. G. "Tony" Papadaikis, treasurer; Clem Hampton and Joe Perasso, Color Bearers.

Reading Aloud Has Advantages

Reading aloud may not be a popular diversion any longer, but it still possesses many good features, chief among which is the fact that it tends to make one use the ear more than the eye. Most human beings are in danger of becoming too eye-minded, as the phrase has it.



Vote For

GEORGE SHAW

Candidate For

CONSTABLE

15th Township

Of Contra Costa County

Primary Election

August 28, 1934

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The Progress Press

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Primary Election August 28, 1934

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode



WNU Service.

SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sughroe



Events in the Lives of Little Men



Along the Concrete



EXCELLENT REASON

Her father gravely surveyed the young man.

"So," he said, "you are asking for the hand of my daughter?"

The young man nodded nervously.

"Can you wash, darn, sew, nurse children, and keep house?" asked father.

"B-b-but why should I need to do those things?" the suitor stammered.

"Because my daughter can't," said the other.

The Generous Gesture

"I note that you occasionally indulge in a joke."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "Even if it doesn't happen to be a very good joke, it gives my constituents the assurance that I am anxious to do what I can to make them happy."—Washington Star.

Brave Man

Wife (at 2 a. m.)—Wake up, John, there's a burglar in the next room.

Hubby (sleepily)—Well, I've no revolver. You go and look daggers at him!—Montreal Gazette.

HARD LUCK

"I lost my pocketbook at the races."

"Was there much in it?"

"How do I know what was in it? I had not had it five minutes."—Hummel Hummel (Hamburg).

A Worse Ailment

Auntie—Tommy, won't you have another piece of this shortcake?

Tommy—No, I thank you.

Auntie—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—It ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.

Labor Wasted

Little Betty was in an obstinate mood.

"But you know your lesson quite well," protested her governess. "Now, why won't you say it?"

"Because, if I do, you will only make me learn something else tomorrow."—Stray Stories.

Round Them Out

Lady of the House—Yes, I have an old pair of my husband's trousers, but I'm afraid they're too large round the waist for you.

Tramp—Well, couldn't you gimme a dinner that would make 'em fit?—London Opinion.



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MILK I. G. A.
Tall Cans 3 for **17c**

CERTO BOTTLE 25c

LETTUCE LARGE SOLID 2 for 5c

POTATOES Burbank
10 lbs. . . . **15c**
Box 30 to 35 lbs. **35c**

BELL PEPPERS
NICE FOR STUFFING
3 lbs. 10c

SALAD OIL
MONTROLA
½ Gallon Can . . . 48c

2 Cans POWOW
1 Large pkg N.R.G.
Water Softener and Cleanser
All For 25c

Sunlight BUTTER



92 SCORE
1b. 28c

Coffee S and W



1 lb. can 30c
2 lb. can 59c

EGGS
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POULTRY PRODUCERS
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Large Doz. **27c**

Sugar
PURE CANE
GRANULATED
10 lbs. 52c

COFFEE FRESH GROUND
RED PACKAGE
1b. 20c

SUGAR Brown or Powdered
1 lb. pkg. . . **2 for 13c**

Assorted Cool **Lunch Meat**
1b. 35c

CHUCKS OF BEEF ROAST
lb. 13c

Swift White **Laundry Soap**
10 bars 20c

SALAD DRESSING, I.G.A. Old Fashioned ..
Pint, 19c; Quart, 29c
GINGER ALE, I.G.A., ... 3 12-oz. bottles 25c
ASPARAGUS, Trupak, Arden Variety, No. 2 can, 19c
MAYONNAISE, I.G.A., ... Quart, 35c; Pint, 22c
PINEAPPLE, Trupak ..... No. 2½ can 21c
SANDWICH SPREAD, I.G.A. ..... 3-oz. tin 8c
TOMATO JUICE, I.G.A. .... No. 1 tall can, 2 for 15c
CATSUP, I.G.A. ..... 2 large bottles 25c
FRUITS FOR SALAD, I.G.A. ..... No. 1 tall can 15c
SHRIMP, I.G.A. ..... 2 No. 1 cans 25c
SALMON, I.G.A. ..... 2 No. 1 cans 25c
WILBERT'S NO-RUB FLOOR WAX .... Pint can 39c
2 Cans POWOW and 1 large package N.R.G. Water Softener and Cleanser ..... All for 25c
White Navy GRANULATED SOAP, 2½-lb. pkg. 21c

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ONLY SPECIALS
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER ..... 3 cans 20c
CLOROX ..... 2 quart bottles 25c
POST TOASTIES ..... Package 7c
UNDERWOOD'S DEVILED HAM .... No. ¼ can 10c